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THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.  
BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.  
Between the dark and the daylight,  
When the night is beginning to lower,  
Come a procession of the occupations,  
That is known as the Children's Hour.  
I hear in the chamber above me  
The patter of little feet,  
The sound of a door that is opened,  
And voices soft and sweet.  
From my study I see in the lamplight,  
Descending the broad hall stair,  
Grave Allen, and laughing Allegra,  
And Edith with golden hair.  
A whisper, and then a silence;  
Yet I know by their merry eyes  
They are plotting and planning together  
To take me by surprise.  
A sudden rush from the stairway,  
A sudden raid from the hall!  
By three doors left unguarded  
They enter my castle wall!  
They climb up into my turret  
O'er the arms and back of my chair;  
If I try to escape, they surround me;  
They seem to be everywhere.  
They almost devour me with kisses,  
Their arms about my neck and head,  
Till I think of the Bishop of Bangor  
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine!  
Do you think, O blue-eyed bandits,  
Because you have sealed the walls,  
Such an old nurse as I am  
Is not a match for you all?  
I have you fast in my fortress,  
And will not let you depart,  
But put you down in the dungeon  
In the round-tower of my heart.  
And there I will keep you forever,  
Yes, forever and a day,  
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,  
And moulder in dust away!

## NELLY WILLIAMS; OR, Love on the Ocean.

BY W. CLARK RUSSELL,  
Author of "The Mutiny on the Bounty,"  
"The Deep," etc.

### CHAPTER VI. THE FADING OF A CYCLOPE.

On Wednesday we were in latitude 10° and longitude about 167°—some two hundred miles to the eastward of the Azores. The fresh westerly breeze had given us frisky heels, and we had rolled through the Bay of Biscay into the broad bosom of the North Atlantic, with our foretopmast stunsail set day and night, and with no other meddling with the running rigging than the occasional hauling taut or slackening of the weather-braces.

I had returned from giving some directions to the ship's carpenter, and was standing on the weather-side of the poop close against the ladder, glancing aloft at the canvas and admiring the spread and set of it, and then looking down at the ship's side, the green of which gayly matched the glorious blue of the sea, divided as they were by a broad line of foam through which the copper sheen with sudden glancings of dull golden light as the ship lurched to leeward, when Captain Flanders walked up and stationed himself by my side.

"The barometer is falling, Mr. Lee," he said, "yet the weather looks settled."

"Yes, sir, it looks steady enough all to windward, though I don't know if that haze to leeward means any thing."

He stooped his head so as to see the lee horizon under the foot of the main-sail. "I want to ask you," said he, rearing his body slowly, and confronting me with his long, gaunt face, and speaking in his deepest tones, "whether you have ever heard any lad language used among the crew?"

"I haven't heard any, sir," I replied.

"I presume not," he exclaimed, fixing his gloomy eyes full on my face; "otherwise you would have reported it to me, as you have received my orders on that subject. What sort of a disposition have you observed among the crew?"

"They seem a very steady, willing crew, sir—"

"I don't mean that," he interrupted. "Do they seem a thoughtful crew?"

"Upon my word, sir," I replied, a great deal puzzled, "I really can't say."

"I have been wishing to deliver them a series of lectures on religious subjects, Mr. Lee, but am willing to consult you before I do so, because I am by nature a very sensitive man; and if there are any blasphemers or impious men forward, I should not like to subject myself to their jeers, although," he muttered, striking his hands together, "my misgivings show a deplorably weak heart—a heart for which the noble apostolic example has done nothing, nothing!" and he stamped his foot heavily on the deck.

"I am flattered that you should think fit to consult me on this subject, sir," I answered, "but I should prefer not to give an opinion."

"Speak out!" he exclaimed, angrily. "I consult you as one of my officers, and I expect that you will give me an opinion."

"May I first ask, said I, pretty considerably taken aback, "what are the subjects you propose to lecture upon, sir?"

His eyes lighted up, and he inclined his head toward me with an eager gesture.

"On the existence of spirits," he exclaimed, in a low, very earnest voice. "I have twelve lectures by me on that subject, written by myself, in which I prove that the air we breathe is full of spirits. But understand, Mr. Lee, before the material eye is qualified to behold and the ear to hear these spirits, the heart must have faith; and it is that faith I wish to impart to the ship's crew, if—if—" He wandered, as if in search of a word, and then stopped dead.

I thought this strange talk for a sea-captain to hold to his officer, more especially with a falling barometer below. How the dickens came this man to get command of a ship? thought I; and as I ran my eye over the noble fabric and thought of the number of lives over which he had as much control as any imperial despot, the significance of his craziness smote me violently.

"You have demanded an opinion from me, sir," said I, after waiting a few moments to see if he had any thing more to say, and observing the look of abstraction in his eyes, "and I will give it: I don't think the men would understand your lectures, and indeed, considering the work they have to get through, and the rough, hard life of a fore-caste, I don't think they would thank you for any sort of lectures. When on deck they ought to be at work, and when below they want to turn in."

That's blunt enough for him, anyhow, thought I, and the plain truth too.

"I was afraid so," he exclaimed, folding his arms. "And, after all, can we expect the vulgar and the uneducated to receive the light, when those who are cultivated have minds to reason with refuse to heed it?"

"No, sir," said I, "and that's why I think you would not be wasting time in trying to put ideas into the heads of the men yonder."

"I am afraid you are right, Mr. Lee, and I am obliged to you for your opinion." So saying, he was about to walk aft, when he stopped and said, "Miss Maitland tells me you knew her before you joined this ship."

"I did, sir," I replied, coloring up a trifle, and stealing a glance at Nelly, who, while pretending to listen to Mr. Black, was looking our way, and evidently thinking of us.

"She is a charming person—a most intellectual woman," he exclaimed, with great energy. "She seems thoroughly to understand my views, and one convert I am certain of."

I stared after him as he walked away, not taking any note of what he said about Nelly, but thinking over what should be done if his madness increased. Whether the state of his mind was known to the men I had as yet had no means of ascertaining, and I was not going to commit so rash an act as to make inquiries among them; but I am now persuaded that they suspected nothing neither at that nor at a much later time.

The passengers, with the exception of Nelly, having been sick and confined to their cabins, would have had no opportunity of judging him. Hence, so far as I could judge, the secret was known to or suspected by myself and Nelly only; for Mr. Thomas himself had as good as told me that he looked upon the skipper's talk as a mere trick to deceive and make fools of some of us.

Before I went below at four o'clock I noticed that the set of the swell which had been running all day steady from the westward, had veered right round to the northward, and had become heavier. There was no appearance of dirty weather. The haze to the eastward had lifted, and the sky was a bright blue, with a few rainy-looking clouds stretching across it, their shadows sailing in slate-colored patches across the leaping waters.

I observed another fall in the mercury when I went below at four bells. This was the second dog-watch, and I was not disposed to lie down; so, freshening myself up with a bit of hair-brush and a towel, I went on deck again. It was very warm, and the breeze dropping fast, but there was quite enough wind to keep the sails full, though you could have told the decrease in the ship's speed by the slopping sound of the water alongside.

When dinner was served in the cuddy, we all of us took our seats at the table, Mr. Thomas remaining on deck. I invariably noticed that the captain seemed easier in his manner when the chief mate was away, and this evening his talk—though, to be sure, he did not talk very much, after all—was so sensible, that I should have defied any one to suppose he was not in full possession of his faculties. He predicted that we should have a storm before twelve hours had passed, and said that this heavy swell from the northward was full of meaning to him.

The cuddy being well aft, the pitch of the ship was felt in its full force; the bulkheads creaked furiously; the crockery in the steward's pantry rattled with an occasional smash; now and again might be heard the grind of the rudder, and the dull thunder of the swell as it struck the ship heavily under the counter; the swinging trays would plunge out of reach; plates slid fore and aft; knives and spoons tumbled into one's lap or on to the deck with a clatter, and I had to calculate the moment when to lift a fork to my mouth, in order that I might not drive it into my eye or my ear. In short, every thing that wasn't lashed fetched away, and, among other things, Mr. Black, against whose chair a sudden lurch had propelled the steward, and over both toppled, dragging the table-cloth half off with them.

"I should like to go on deck," said Nelly, looking very pale. In a moment the skipper got up and offered her his arm, and, after lingering a few moments to swallow a glass of sherry, I followed them.

The wind was fast dying away, and the sun was going down into a bed of clouds that had risen while we sat at dinner. The captain had handed Nelly to a chair, and I noticed him standing at the wheel, looking steadily into the west, as a man might who had reason to know that something was to be expected from that quarter. "After all," thought I, "if he has not his wits about him, he has enough to relieve those under him from much anxiety." Mr. Thomas had vanished, and, looking through the skylight, I saw him eating away heartily. I asked Nelly how she felt.

"Quite well again. I am always well in the air," she said.

"The sun looks angry, doesn't he?"

"And beautiful, too. See those lovely colors streaking the upper portion of the clouds there?"

"I am glad to find the captain looking at the horizon with a rational eye. He seemed as sound as an oyster-shell at dinner."

"Yes, he did," she answered; "but he is not sound, Will. As he let me on deck, he said that a spirit had told him we were going to have a storm."

"God help him, then," said I. "I give him up that. I left her with something like a feeling of real disappointment. I had quite hoped I had exaggerated his craziness, but this piece of information threw me all amuck again, and maybe I was now disposed to think him madder than he was."

The clouds in the west were fast growing into a magnificent spectacle as they rolled slowly up to meet the sun, that was sinking toward them. As yet they were detached, though they stretched the whole length of the western horizon; but just below them was a solid, motionless line, so exactly resembling a coast that it was impossible to see it and not for the moment believe it land. It was of a livid color, as though the great vaporous masses of front cloud obstructed the light of the sun from it, and against it the horizontal swell ran in outlines, like dark-green hills, while on the either side of these running liquid lines the sea caught the red light of the sun and shattered it into fragments of lurid crimson, which it seemed to hurl right and left upon its surface. All the edges of the upper clouds directly looking up to the sun were tinged with a deep crimson border, that faded into amber as it crept toward the center; and this rich color was again followed further down by a kind of yellow brightness, like the sheen of pale gold, but the center and the skirts of the clouds were dark, graduating from slate into a livid gloom, corresponding with the motionless range behind. I never witnessed a grander, nor, indeed, a more awful sunset, nor beheld at once so great a number of rich, defined colors.

The men forward seemed fascinated by the sunset, and stood looking at it in a crowd on the starboard side of the fore-castle. We had all plain sail set, and the starboard studding-sail booms rigged out. Suddenly the wind utterly failed, and the canvas peeled against the masts and rigging with reports like the discharge of a hundred small fire-arms. Mr. Thomas was now on deck, looking at the sunset.

"There's a gale of wind there," said he, "but we shan't have it yet; the rain must come first."

"Get those stunsails boom rigged in!" sung out the skipper, "and clew the royals up and furl them!"

The necessary orders were given, and the light canvas melted in the calm blue overhead, like summer clouds in the eye of the morning sun.

"Haul down the flying jib, and send some hands aft to stow the cross-jack!"

"Hillo!" thought I, "the spirits are growing nervous."

"A sail on the starboard beam!" shouted a voice from the main-top-mast cross-trees.

"What does she look like?" bawled Mr. Thomas.

"Why, like a glob of blood, sir."

"Mr. Lee," exclaimed the captain, "take the glass with you into the main-top and see what you can make of her."

I fetched the glass, sprang into the main rigging, and gained the top. I steadied the glass in the top-gallant rigging, but the ship was rolling so abominably that it took me some minutes to fix the vessel. I then found that nothing below her top-sails was visible. So I clambered up to the cross-trees, and from this elevation she was distinct enough. The swell on the horizon sometimes hid her, but I soon had my report ready.

"She's a small bark, sir, smuggled right away down to her top-sails, which are close reefed; and they're either reefing or furling her fore-sail, and she's pitching as I never before saw any vessel pitch!" I bellowed, making my voice reach the deck with extreme difficulty, for the canvas was rattling about me as if a lot of nine-pounders were being discharged all around in the air.

"That'll do, Mr. Lee!" shouted the chief mate. "Come down, sir!"

"Clew up the top-gallant sails!" I heard the skipper sing out as I dropped over the futtock-shrouds into the main rigging; and as I alighted on the top of the bulwark, Mr. Thomas called to the boatswain to pipe all hands to shorten sail. I thought this a sensible note on the part of the skipper. The clear notes of the boatswain's pipe echoed high above the heavy flogging of the canvas, and in a few minutes both watches were hard at work, letting go halyards, hauling out reef-locks, and running out along the yards.

By the time the top-sail halyards were belayed the sun had gone, the advanced clouds had lost their glory, and merged into the solid wall behind, stood up to a great height in the sky, which was of a sickly red that extended far into the east, where it became a sort of ash-color. I never remember beholding a more portentous aspect of the heavens. The red haze had faded out of the air, the sea was rapidly growing dark, and the night was closing in fast. There was not a breath of air; the atmosphere was oppressively hot, and we felt it the more now that there was no canvas to fan the decks.

"We're snug enough now, anyway," said Mr. Thomas to me, pulling his hair over his ears and smoothing down his waistcoat. "But we shall be soaked first before the wind comes to dry us. Hillo! that was a bright flash! Gad! that looked typhoonish, Mr. Lee!" He was gazing astern as he spoke, and I forward; but though I had not seen the flash when it leaped, I judged its ferocity by the brilliant greenish glare that filled the whole of the sky.

"The skipper seems to know what he's about," said I.

"Why, yes," he answered, shortly.

"I think he got an idea from that vessel to windward."

"Very likely. I heartily wish the voyage

were over," he exclaimed, pettishly. "It's the most uncomfortable berth I ever filled. Neither as third, second, nor chief mate have I ever before been thrown with a skipper who eyes me when I speak to him as if he would like to cut my throat."

"I confess I don't understand him," said I. "It's not good form for officers to discuss their captain, I know," said he; "but when you've got a skipper like Captain Flanders to deal with, what can a fellow do but cruise round and round him. He never consults me; he never seems to like me to speak to him. Does he think I don't know my work? Would he like to make out that it's three turns round the long-boat and a pull at the scuttle-but with me? If he lets the men get that notion into their heads, I may as well go below for the rest of the voyage."

"I don't believe he's responsible for all he does," I answered. "What do you think of his telling Miss Maitland that a spirit warned him a storm was coming?"

"Ay, ay, he's a plaguey good hand at spirits; but take care that he isn't tom-fooling us with his damned ghosts. Longshore dodges to get officers into a hole are pretty common nowadays, I've heard. You'll never make me think he believes in what he says."

It was now eight bells, and my watch, all this time Nelly had remained on deck. The captain being away, I went over to her, not having had a chance to speak to her before.

"I see we are going to have a storm, Will. How fearfully dark it is! Did you see that great ball of lightning about half an hour ago? The whole sky seemed to open."

"Well, you are not frightened?"

"A little—when it lightened; but I was more frightened to see you go up the rigging. I held my breath, and my eyes swam in watching you."

"If a sailor can't climb he's of no use, Nelly. But see how heavily the dew falls. Look at the lamplight glistening on the arm of this chair. It is too damp for you to remain on deck. Besides, the cuddy is more cheerful than this sky and sea. Don't let either lightning, thunder, or wind frighten you. Things which are really dangerous make very little noise as a rule."

She rose; it was very dark. I pressed her to my heart and kissed her; it was the first kiss between us for a long while. She was very reluctant to leave me, but I led her to the companion, and pressing my hand, she went below.

I crossed over to see how the ship's head lay; and as I raised my eyes from the compass card the whole sky was torn from horizon to horizon by a terrific flash of lightning. It was as desperate a flash as ever I remember seeing. It was like a mighty lance of blue flame hurled sheer across the sky, vanishing into the eastern heaven; and the whole surface of the ocean glauced in the horrid glare like a spectral world issuing out of chaos.

"I never see the like of that before, sir," exclaimed the man who stood at the wheel, steadying the spokes with his elbow while he rubbed his eyes. All was as still as the grave again; not a sound could be heard but the sobbing gurgle of the water washing under the counter, with the flap of the invisible canvas aloft. Captain Flanders came up to where I stood.

"I don't like the look of this at all," said he, in a voice the deep notes of which were amazingly in keeping with the profound darkness. "Better get the mizzen-top-sail furling while it's calm."

I gave the necessary orders in a low voice, and the watch came aft, groping their way, and after a bit clew the sail up, but without singing, and went aloft. Presently they came down, all as quiet as possible, and went forward, and the decks were silent again. The skipper walked to and fro quietly; I went forward to the break of the poop and hung over the side, watching the strange shapes of green and blue fire that flickered and coiled through the water, sometimes resembling serpents chasing invisible prey, sometimes twisting into forms like trees. All overhead was a ponderous darkness full of dreadful silence. Presently a few large drops of rain fell; they struck the deck heavily, and were as hot as blood upon the hand; they ceased, but I thought I might as well take the hint they gave, and slipped into my cabin as fast as my legs would carry me for my oil-lamps.

Just as my foot touched the poop-ladder, there was another flash of lightning, as blinding as the one I have just described, and it fell from right overhead; the air was filled with a strong sulphurous smell; the electric fluid ran down the ties, chain-sheets, and along the jack-stays, and they looked as though they were on fire; some one cried out, but in what part of the ship I could not tell. I believed that we had been struck, and bounded on to the poop, and then came a crash of thunder, after an interval of not more than three seconds, worthy of the terrific blaze that had preceded it. The captain was standing at the head of the port poop-ladder, and as I came up he shouted out, "Forward there! is any hurt?"

There was a few moments silence, and a man answered, "There's no one hurt here, sir."

"This is frightful," said he, coming over to where I stood; and in the reflection of the cuddy lamplight I saw him remove his hat and wipe his forehead. "Did you hear a cry just now?"

"Yes, sir."

"Oh, you did!" he exclaimed in a tone of relief. "I was afraid I might have been the only one who heard it."

"Some one sung out in fright, I suppose, sir."

"No doubt. I wish something would happen to change this dreadful darkness and silence. How's her head?" he called out.

No answer came from the wheel.

"Wheel there, I say!" he shouted; "how's her head now?"

"Has he fallen asleep?" I exclaimed, and went aft. "Why don't you answer?" I called, addressing the man, who stood erect, holding on to the spokes with both hands. "Didn't you hear the captain hail you?"

Finding him still silent, I lost my patience, though I wondered that any man should sleep in that erect posture, and I shook him by the arm. He retained his grip of the wheel, but neither moved nor spoke.

"Why, what's the matter with him?" exclaimed the captain, who had followed me. "Pull the lamp out of the binnacle and look at his face!"

The lamp, thus exposed, cast a brilliant light, and I threw it full upon the man's face.

"Merciful God!" I cried.

The lips of the man were drawn tight back into a dreadful smile, laying bare his gums and teeth; his eyeballs were turned right up into his head, and nothing was visible but the whites of them.

"The last flash has killed him!" I exclaimed, recoiling with a shudder from the terrible sight—and I replaced the lamp in the binnacle.

Scarcely had I done this when down came the rain. It fell just as if the whole ocean had come aboard, and in an instant the poop was awash, and I could hear the torrent sluicing through the skipper-holes, while the sea lay white and hissing around. The captain appeared helpless—he neither moved nor spoke. The suddenness of this discovery had muffled him quite vacant.

I sprang forward, and at the top of my voice roared out, "Lay aft, here, men! all here for your lives!" and then ran back again to the wheel, where, seizing hold of the dead man's fingers, I succeeded by sheer force in opening them, whereupon the body fell heavily on to the deck.

The whole of the starboard watch came splashing aft, dashing the water from the deck with their feet as they ran.

"Lanyon has been struck dead by the lightning," I sang out. "Lay hold of the wheel, one of you, and the rest carry his body forward and lay him on the fore hatch, with a tarpaulin over him."

They stood wondering and alarmed a moment, then one of them laid hold of the wheel, and others picked up the body and away they went, while the rain fell in a broad sheet, and the sea all about us sobbed under it.

All on a sudden the rain ceased, just as you might stop a shower-bath. A little air came blowing from the south.

"We're a-luck, sir!" I shouted.

"Hard aport!" he exclaimed. "Round with the after-yards!"

But before he could sing out, the light air died, and the main-top-sail flapped heavily. "Hold on all, is it, sir?"

"Ay; but we shall have it in a minute. Look astern!"

I did so, and beheld the sight the captain had bid me look at; it was a long, luminous line, a nebulous haze, like the tail of a comet, the hue extremely ghastly, as though it were a ball of spume illuminated by blue light, or a long, high reach of foam filled with shooting, phosphorescent fires. It came rushing down upon us with incredible swiftness. Some moments before it reached us I heard the roar of it sounding through the silence about us.

"Hands by the top-sail sheets!" shouted the skipper, his voice rising almost into a shriek; but before the words were well out of his mouth, the sea was all in foam on either side of us, and the furious blast was yelling in our ears. I toppled down before it fell all the world as if I had been skating, and my feet had slid away astern of me; and I suppose I was blown a dozen feet along the slippery deck before I brought myself up. The white water filled the air with a kind of light, and I saw the skipper flat on his buttocks. He did not attempt to rise, but howled out, "Another haul aft to the wheel!" and I delivered the command, though jammed by the wind so hard against the brass rail of the poop that I could scarcely muster breath enough to echo him. The force of the wind was beyond all reach of words. Looking astern, it was not possible to breathe. The wind blew one flat. It hit me in the stomach like a strong fist, and stopped there, and there was no relief until the blast was turned to it. Its following was as if a thousand wild bulls were being swept through the air, and roaring in rage as they went; and this was a sound that rose high above, and had no relation to the sweeping shrieks in the rigging and among the spars.

The skipper got on to his feet and came over to the compass; he had been disoriented of his hat, and his hair blew out in a straight line. He thrust his head down to look at the card, made an ineffectual attempt to look astern, and then bawled out, "We must heave the ship to, sir. Call all hands and get the fore-sail and foretop-sail furl'd, and haul down the foretop-mast staysail!"

I let go the grating, and the wind ran me forward like an arrow. I shouted out the orders and presently the shriek of the boatswain's pipe mingled with the howling overhead. It took the whole strength of the ship's company to furl each sail. The canvas stood up above the yard like a stone wall, but it must yield at last, and I heard with a feeling of relief the chorus raised by the men as they tripped up the bunt of the top-sail.

"Lay aft here and man the port main-braces!" pealed the voice of the captain; and all he bawled aft, wrestling with the wind as we went, and catching hold of whatever came in our way to haul ourselves along. The helm was put down up, and the main-yards were braced sharp up, and the vessel came round, shipping one heavy sea as she did so, which filled the decks with a smother of froth, while it was up to the

men's knees in the lee scuppers. The fore arm and mizzen yards were braced hard up against the weather rigging, and the ship was now hove to on the starboard tack, plunging heavily over the seas, which came rolling in small mountains down upon her, and sometimes so burying her to leeward that the end of the foretop-mast studding-sail boom now and again harpooned the water.

"Go below, the port watch!" was now the cry, for there was nothing more to be done.

CHAPTER VII.  
LANYON'S BURIAL.

We might have imagined that the gale had reached its utmost fury almost as soon as it fell upon us, but by midnight it was blowing a dozen hurricanes in one, with a heavy sea running. The Walthershae breathed the huge waves nobly, considering that she was loaded down to within a few inches of her chain-plates.

I went below at midnight, dead tired. I stood a few moments under the break of the poop to exchange some words with Mr. Thomas, for there was no chance of making one's self heard any where else. He said he was afraid that the cargo was straining the ship severely, but that she was magnificently built, with a wonderful deal of life in her.

I asked him if he did not think the captain had shown judgment in the manner in which he had made ready for this storm, and in which he had handled the ship once? He said, "Yes, he could not have done more," and then went on to the poop.

The gale proved but a short-lived one after all. When I went on deck, at four o'clock in the morning, there was a tremendous sea running, but the gale was fast blowing itself out; the clouds lay in fragments overhead and sailed slowly across the sky, while among them the stars flashed with a sharp, tremulous glittering, showing that above the lower stratum of cloud was a range of high, frost-white clouds that was passing away to the westward right athwart the path of the gale.

The sickly dawn broke upon a dismal scene. The main deck was like a pond, and with every roll of the ship the water rushed from side to side, dashing against the bulwarks and smothering every thing in foam.

By seven o'clock it was blowing a moderate gale, and the sea had greatly fallen; so we squared away the yards and made sail, and presently the ship was swirling through it, heaping the water ahead of her as high as the hawse-hole, while the foam poured over the spritsail yard.

The watch now turned to clear up the decks, and wash down. By breakfast-time the ship was clean and taut fore and aft, her decks drying fast in the sun, the hens cackling cheerfully in their coops, the pigs grunting under the long-boat, the sea fast going down, and a piebald sky with a lining of glorious blue over the mastsheads.

After breakfast I stood under the poop-break smoking a pipe, very often glancing into the cuddy, on the lookout for Nelly, who had not left her cabin, when I saw Mr. Thomas go forward. It was at this moment that I, all on a sudden, remembered the death of a seaman last night by lightning, a circumstance of which the gale seemed to have swept the memory clean out of my head.

I instinctively guessed the chief mate's errand, and I was quite right, for as he came back he stopped to tell me "That poor devil Lanyon is to be buried at two bells" (meaning nine o'clock). I looked at my watch, and found it only wanted twenty minutes of that time. "It is the captain's fancy, though I think he might as well have waited until eight bells, when all hands will be on deck," and so saying, he passed on.

At nine o'clock the boatswain tuned up his pipe, the captain came down on the quarter-deck, the chief mate remained on the poop to look after the ship, none of the passengers were present, and so Lanyon's funeral was altogether among sailors. They had laid the body, sewed up in canvas—for he had had no hammock—on one of the fore-hatch gratings, and covered it over with the big ensign. All hands stood bareheaded, and the scene was a solemn one. I felt the pathos of the many rough human countenances gathered around, some looking down, with their eyes fixed on the grating, some with a sort of wonder on them such as children's faces wear when any thing unusual is going forward.

My attention, however, was speedily diverted from the crew to the skipper. He seemed extraordinarily agitated, and instead of a Prayer-book held a roll of paper, that trembled in his grasp as he ran his eyes over the men. Every body was silent; nothing could be heard but the wash of the water alongside, and the creak and strain upon aloft as the vessel rolled. The sun shone bright, and the sails soared into a heaven that was fast growing a cloudless blue from horizon to horizon.

"Men," exclaimed the captain, in his deep bass, which his excitement made as vibratory as a harp-string. "I am aware that when a man dies at sea it is customary to bury him according to the rites of the religion in which the captain and crew believe. But I do not believe in the Church of England. I am a primitive Christian. I believe, and all you who hear me should likewise believe, that prayer is only acceptable when offered in the edifice constructed by the Almighty, whose roof," he cried, pointing upward with a wild, dramatic gesture, "is yonder blue, and whose floor is the green of the fields and the billows of the ocean. I say, men, that the primitive Christian, whose cathedral is the universal world, wants neither archbishop, bishop, priest, monk, curate, nor clerk to pray for or him!" By this time his excitement was so great that his eyes glowed in his

head like a cat's in the dark; he dashed his arm about, striking the paper in his hand such repeated blows, that I conceived he would presently demolish it. I saw the men staring round at one another, evidently a great deal puzzled to know what all this meant, though I believe most of them thought it was all ship-shore, and a regular part of the usual ceremony.

"Instead, therefore," he continued, almost shouting, "of reading a service opposed to the examples of those forefathers of yours and mine, men, whose memory is more refreshing to the Christian heart than is the fountain of the desert to the tongue of the parched Arab, I intend," he cried, flourishing his manuscript, "to read you an essay upon spirits, in which I shall invite you not to mourn for our dead shipmate, but to know and feel with me that, even as we stand here looking upon the flag that covers his clay, his spirit—himself, indeed—not an object that we can touch, but an object we may, by prayer, hear and behold, is among us—there, or there, or there—any, or there! for there he crawls about among you, visible to me. My God! how visible!"

With his long forefinger projected, his head thrown back, his eyes glowing, the sun reflected in the tight, polished skin of his long, narrow forehead, he pointed pupil among the men, an action that served to increase the alarm of the sailors, who had already been rendered nervous enough by his strange language and manner, and they began to huddle together, occasionally glancing over their shoulders while they watched the skipper. He now pulled open his manuscript, elevated his hand, and began to read.

The written lecture lasted half an hour. I should be sorry to repeat even what my memory preserves of it. It was crammed full of quotations from all sorts of writers, and it was all about ghosts and spirits, and what they had said and how they had appeared, and the use of them as tests of primitive Christianity. At last his rigmorale came to end, and pocketing the manuscript, the captain exclaimed, in a deep voice, "Let him depart in peace." This was his signal for tilting the grating, but the men who held it did not understand him, and looked at me. I made a sign, and they hove up the grating, while one of them snatched off the ensign, and the body fell into the sea. The captain went into the cuddy.

And such was poor Lanyon's funeral.  
(Continued next week.)

PIKE'S PEAK.

Farming is going on slowly.

Wheat crops look slim, but are coming out some. We saw our neighbor E—, the other day, walking through his wheat pointing his fingers—supposed to be counting the sprouts of wheat.

Hudsonville is a promising little town. Go to J. R. Drane to get cross-eyed darning needles and calico by the pound. He gives dry measure.

Mr. Benedict Lucas bought a hog from W. O. Butler weighing 1,042 lbs., put it on his shoulder, and "toasted" it home.

Mr. Andie Saltsman says he is starving to death on saw-dust, and I know the reason—he has found such a nice bunch of Hay. Go on, Katie is all right.

Mr. William Gaither came into Hudsonville the other morning, puffing and blowing, his eyes one size larger than the full moon, hunting the marshal to warrant Mr. Thomas Lucas for the sum of \$1.40. Some of the boys put at him to buy the account, but he refused to sell it. At last Mr. E. T. Drane offered him \$1.50 for it, not thinking he would accept, but Gaither took him up. Drane paid the money and said no more about it.

Mr. E. Butler has got a blacksmith, one George Montgomery, at work. He is a splendid smith, and also a Good Templar.

Mr. Robert Frank, of Bewleyville, Ky., I have found you a two-headed, snub-nosed, squint-eyed girl. She fills the bill excepting she is not bald-headed, but if you are as high-tempered as she is, you will both soon be bald. She is in her 33rd year; her cheeks six inches above her eyes; she can jump a ten rail fence, can pull the cow, and stop the pigs; she can do any thing you wish. For further particulars apply to Jupiter Galuchen.

Mr. Thomas Clark went fishing the other night and caught 1,300 fine fish. The average weight was 44 pounds each. He averaged out fast at 66 per pound. Come one, come all, come large, come small, and be quick about it.

Mr. James Gregory's family have been very ill for some time. They had called in four doctors, none of whom did them any good, till Doctor Ben Quiggins, the fifth doctor, prescribed a hog's jowl, which was got directly, and in twenty-four hours they were all gone a-tislting.

KERNAL GRINDSTONE.

GERMANTOWN.

Germantown academy is now in full blast—Miss Laura Haynes, principal.

Prayer-meeting at Lost Run-church every Wednesday night. We are all getting good.

Rev. Ake Whitworth delivered for us a very interesting sermon a few nights ago.

Oh, take care! I am going to Mr. Scagg's next Sunday. Then I will have a "forty-ton" worth 10 cents.

Our own sweet, dearly beloved little minister is going to give us a big preach ere long.

Stackhouse & Co. will deliver a fine lot of trees in a few days. Give them a chance; they will give you a fair deal.

Miss Annie thinks that no person ever went to meeting with Mr. Lon but her.

Oh, my! the biggest two days' work that was ever known in the county was done at Mrs. Stinnett's. There were nine hands the first day, eight the next, and they made two-hundred rails! Have one more, Mrs. S!

SHORT STORY.